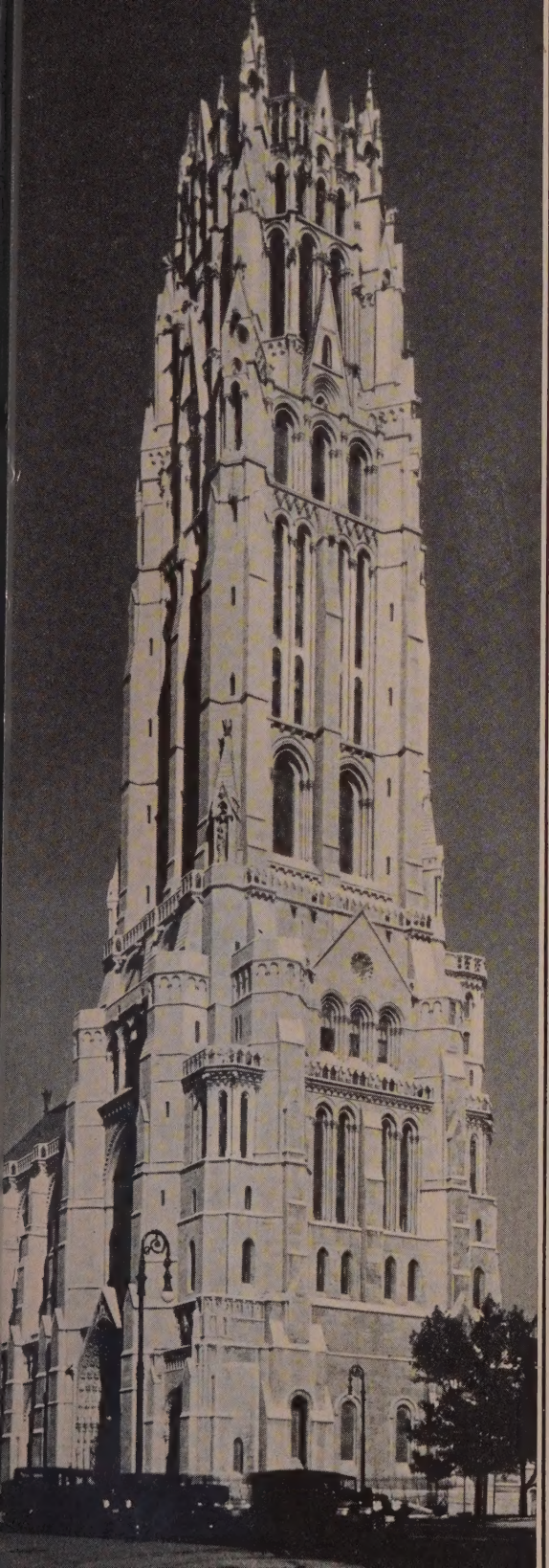

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FEBRUARY, 1936

On Being Civilized to Death

The Yuletide Invasion

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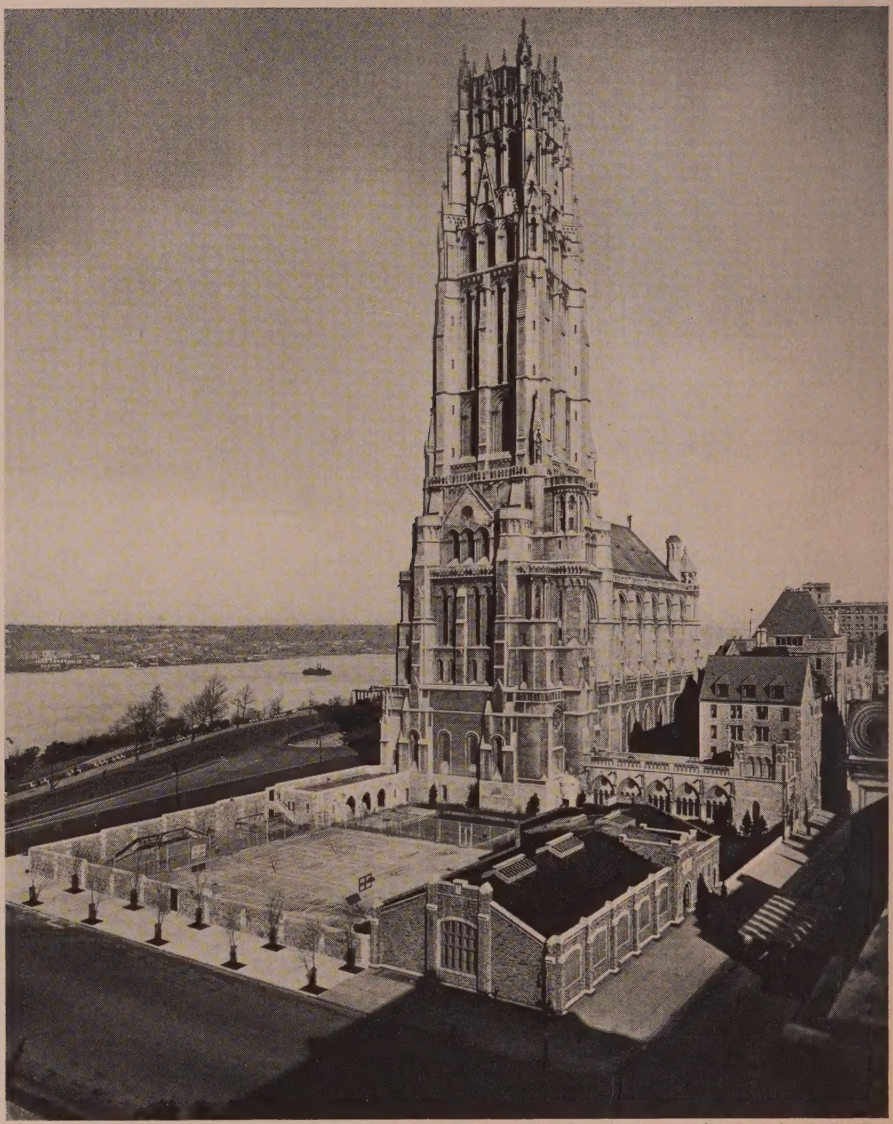

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THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH AND THE NEW PLAYGROUND

On Being Civilized to Death

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

In a western New York community there stands a house, still occupied, the original portion of which goes back to the early days of the white man's pioneering. Upon examination it turns out that that original portion, now used as a kitchen, was once a log cabin. In that log cabin my grandfather lived when he was a boy. Hardly three lifetimes are represented in the years that have passed since then and yet how startling have the changes been! When my grandsire played as a lad about that cabin, there was not anywhere in the world a railroad or a telephone or a telegraph. There were no matches to light fires with or gas or coal ranges to light them in. There were no elevators or refrigerators, no plumbing, no electric lights, no sewing machines, no furnaces. Letters were written with quill pens because steel pens had not been invented and were dried with sand because blotting paper did not exist. And, of course, there were no Victrolas, radios, typewriters, bicycles, automobiles, or airplanes. Standing in that kitchen which sheltered the boyhood of a man whom I clearly and affectionately remember, one feels afresh with what absorbed preoccupation during three generations mankind has been engaged in inventing and producing the external paraphernalia of civilization.

Let us phrase the situation in the convenient terms used by sociologists, such as Professor MacIver of Columbia University. Man's life, he says in effect, can be divided into two distinguishable though closely interrelated areas, civilization and culture. Civilization is the complex of devices, mechanisms, techniques, and instrumentalities by means of which we live. Culture is the realm of spiritual ends, expressed in art, literature, morals, and religion, for which at our best we live. Civilization is made up of things which we utilize to get something else. Culture is made up of values which we desire for their own sakes. Civilization is what we use. Culture is what we are.

For three lifetimes, then, we have been busily engaged in building a civilization, a vast complex of implements by means of which to live, but we have not with any similar intelligence and care been engaged in creating a culture of spiritual ends, personal and social, for which to live. In the mordant phrase of G. Lowes Dickinson, we have been "contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices," till now mankind stands, its hands filled with devices, but as bewildered and unhappy as mankind has been in centuries. So, ages ago, Jesus said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Those words, applied to individuals one by one, seem obvious enough but today they go deep as a searching diagnosis of our social ills. Let a nation, let mankind as a whole, amass things without end, even though they be the marvelous apparatus of our modern civilization, but, if that is all, it is pathetically not enough. Ingenious devices to live by without worth-while ends to live for, a material civilization without a soul to

guide it, like a magnificently furnished ship with no idea what port it is supposed to be headed for—that background lies behind every lesser problem that confronts mankind today.

In endeavoring to see the significance of this, consider first that here lies the explanation of the optimism which characterized our early American forefathers but which among us has commonly collapsed into disillusionment. We whose memories go well back into the nineteenth century recall that, whatever else we Americans were then, we were optimistic. We were sure that we were continuously growing bigger and better. Progress was our real religion, in which if a man did not believe we thought him damned indeed. We lived in the time of the first telephones, the first express trains, the first uses of electricity, the first internal-combustion engines, the first of so many astonishing devices that life became an eager standing on tiptoe, wondering what new marvel would arrive tomorrow. So, when philosophers like Herbert Spencer told us that man's progress toward perfection was an inevitable necessity, we believed them. This illusion of progress so possessed us, from day laborers to philosophers, because all alike we had our eyes primarily upon one thing, civilization—the invention, production, utilization of the marvelous new apparatus of living. We were on our way then from the log-cabin stage to cities like New York. And because this multiplication of the means by which to live was our serious aim, we genuinely thought we were successfully headed toward a great end, and our life was pitched in an optimistic key. Now, however, we have plunged headlong against a stubborn fact—all this boasted civilization we have gloried in is nothing but means, nothing but implements to be utilized, and the more powerful the implements become the more insistently the question rises, on the answer to which man's destiny hangs: To what end will mankind use them? To that question civilization does not possess the answer. The answer to that question is never found in a nation's civilization but in its spiritual culture. For civilization is merely what we use; culture is what we are.

There were some in those old days who foresaw this dénouement we were headed for. Henry D. Thoreau, retreating to Walden Pond, watched from a distance the process we have just described and visited upon it a devastating comment. With all America busily engaged in producing the paraphernalia of living, he said, "improved means to an unimproved end." That phrase suggests today not simply the way we can create the cinema and degrade morals with it, create the radio and give nonsense a wider hearing with it, create the automobile and implement gangsters with it, and in countless ways watch the old vulgarian and the old barbarian reach out controlling hands for the new devices. This phrase suggests also that society as a whole can so utilize the most amazing industrial equipment mankind ever had as to plunge millions into unemployment and penury, or, furnished with world-wide intercommunications, can make of them world wars, armed, moreover, with techniques that would cause the very devils in Milton's hell to blush with shame. "Improved means," there is no doubt of that, but to an "unimproved end."

I am no Henry D. Thoreau but, perforce, these recent months I have lived at my Walden Pond on a little island

off the coast of Maine, and, from such isolation looking on the world, one sees the message one would like to cry from the housetops. For three lifetimes we have been engaged in building civilization, as though man's life ever could consist in the abundance of the apparatus which he uses. But this other realm, where man's real life lies, his spiritual culture, the profound faiths that give life meaning, the profound goals that give life direction, how often has that been popularly treated as a decoration, an afterthought, an addendum! And now the God of judgment has spoken, as though to say, There is no end to this road you are traveling except irretrievable perdition; if you love your lives and your children, recenter your attention. Only one thing supremely matters to mankind today, the quality of spiritual life which will use these amazing implements. And you, church of Christ, if ever you began a year's work with a sense of mission, begin one now. Call men, though you have to do it one by one, call men to see this towering fact that civilization is merely what we use and that the destiny of man lies in the quality of life that uses it.

In the second place, consider that while, at first hearing, this might seem a general diagnosis and prescription, the more closely one regards it the more intimately personal it becomes. For here is a clear difference between civilization and culture. Civilization is easily handed down. Contrivances invented in one generation are taken for granted as a matter of course in the next; they are indeed improved, expanded, and go marching on. So the apparatus of civilization is easily transmissible. But a profound spiritual culture is not so. It must be reëxperienced by every soul, its insights and devotions individually reproduced, its values inwardly assimilated and possessed. So it commonly happens that while the apparatus of civilization piles up and moves on, there is an appalling lag in spiritual culture until mankind stands, as it stands today, with vast new implements to use and the old barbarian using them.

In our homes, for example, it is not difficult for parents to hand down to children the civilization developed in our time. The young take to Victrolas, radios, automobiles, and all the gadgets and devices of civilized society, as ducks to water. But not so simple is it to hand on to them profound spiritual culture. From the love of great music to the love of Christ and all he stands for, parents cannot give *that* to children as they give telephones and automobiles. So this tremendous onward march of civilization and this appalling lag of spiritual culture are not simply a planetary problem; they constitute *the* problem in how many families here! The houses in which we live come from civilization but the homes for which we live are the fruit of spiritual culture, and as one sees some houses and some homes within them the description holds good, "improved means to an unimproved end."

Far from being simply planetary, therefore, this truth knocks intimately on every door here. Which predominate in your life and mine, external means or spiritual ends? For example, we board a railroad train. That is an ingenious apparatus of civilization. It is not an end in itself, only a means we utilize to get something else. On that train we go to the country for a day in the October woods. Now, while we may utilize the train as an apparatus we cannot so uti-

lize the glory of the autumnal hills. There we face an experience which is not a means to an end; it is an end in itself. In itself it elevates and beautifies the soul and makes life worth living. And, mark it! that is not civilization; it is something deeper.

> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
> He leadeth me beside still waters.
> He restoreth my soul.

Or again, we read a book. Now, a printed book is a marvelous civilized device. It is not an end in itself, only a means to something that lies behind the printed page, and in this book let us say, we come upon an idea which clarifies, challenges, and commands our thinking so that we know what the seer meant who said that the greatest day in a man's life comes when he runs into a new idea. Far from being a means to an end, that experience is an end in itself. In itself it makes life worth living. And that is not civilization but something far profounder—the illumination, elevation, and dedication of the mind.

Or again, Wilfred Grenfell boards a ship, which is an ingenious contrivance of civilization, to visit and inquire into the estate of the fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic, and there he faces appalling human need which his physician's skill is fitted to meet. So he confronts the cause that will command his dedication, the end for which he will live and around which will be marshaled all the means by which he will live. Thus the determinative center of a character like Grenfell's is never civilization but a spiritual aim which the agencies of civilization serve.

Let each man for himself go on illustrating this clear difference between external means and spiritual ends, and then let us all ask ourselves with genuine honesty which of the two predominates in our lives. If some one says that up to a point a man's life does consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses, I agree. That is to say, there is a basic minimum of possession without which no man has a fair chance at life, but that fact need not deflect the truth from many here. Indeed, how many of us could talk sensibly to ourselves like this: Beware of too much civilization, too many gadgets and devices that surround life, impinge on it, steal its time, invade its privacy. Especially beware of the false impression which this accumulation of apparatus makes on men as though, because they can run cars, press buttons with almost magical results, tune in on the radio, and ride in airplanes, they must therefore be superior persons themselves, as though anything set in jewelry must be a jewel.

Did some one here instinctively pity my grandfather because he lived in a log cabin? You may spare your pity. Before he was through he was Superintendent of Education of the City of Buffalo. For, though he did live in a meager civilization, he was a superior person, whereas the truth about multitudes of us amply-apparatused moderns is, as the old Latins put it, "Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,"—in the process of life they lose the reason for living.

I wish I could bring the figure of Jesus up over the horizon of some soul here. His words have an applicability to us that he himself could never have foreseen. It is not simply the individual possession of money that misleads us, it is our common social possession of this apparatus of civilized society, as though in that alone there were any hope, as though that by itself alone did

not present to man his most stupendous problem and peril. For even when we define "things" in terms of all this paraphernalia, man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses.

In the third place, let us face the imminent impact of this truth on our present world. Not only vertically from parents to children is civilization easily transmissible; it is as well swiftly transmissible horizontally from nation to nation and from race to race. Start a contrivance anywhere and in the long run it will be everywhere. Nothing is much more easy to copy than civilization. An illustrious example of this is Japan, which within hardly a generation has absorbed, mastered, and made her very own the characteristic techniques of Western society. It is inevitable, then—a most stupendous fact—that in the end we shall have one identical world-wide civilization. But spiritual culture, the profound faiths that give life meaning, the moral ends to which this vast agglomeration of mighty implements will be devoted, has no such swiftness of transference. A man of realistic mind, therefore, who would not live in a fool's paradise, must confront the fact that a vast, single, world-wide civilization run by barbarian cultures means suicide. If ever mankind needed to cry, What must we do to be saved? it is today.

Do not, I beg of you, misunderstand this as discouragement. Upon the contrary, the positive assets in our present situation are very great. Professor Whitehead of Harvard truly says, "On the whole, the great ages have been unstable ages." Births come out of travail, and out of the wracked agony of disturbed generations man's greatest gains have come. Moreover, our modern problem is not handling weakness, as has often been the case in history, but handling power, and handling power, while dangerous, is promising. "The greater the civilization," says Professor MacIver, "the more numerous are the alternatives which are opened up to human endeavor." That is encouraging. In the log-cabin civilization, narrow limitations surrounded man's immediate possibilities, but in our new civilization doors of promise are open before man the like of which he never dreamed before. Nevertheless, we may not rest easily back upon these encouraging factors as though they were self-operative. They are not. There is nothing automatic about them. "Power," said Alfred the Great, "is never a good unless he be good that has it." *Unless he be good that has it*—that shifts the problem to the profound and central place where the destinies of mankind will be decided this next generation.

In 1876 Thomas Huxley visited America especially to speak at the new Johns Hopkins University and this was his message. "I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity, and the terror of overhanging fate, is, what are you going to do with all these things?" So today the wise man addresses himself to civilization as a whole. Not for a moment would one belittle the intelligence, skill, and devotion which have been invested in creating the apparatus of civilized society. But the predominant problem is no longer there. The apparatus of civilization will inevitably accumulate, pile up, march triumphantly on. But the profound problem of mankind is

no longer there. If we use all this agglomerated might for war we are irretrievably undone—that is the problem. If we let it be utilized by selfish acquisitiveness in a dog-eat-dog economy, bloody revolution waits like judgment day—that is the problem. Man never had such a civilization to use; therefore man never so desperately needed a spiritual life to use it.

Finally, then, consider the responsibility which rests upon all agencies of the spiritual life, and especially upon us in the Christian churches. I know this sermon has been preached in so serious a mood that some souls, coming here mainly for cheer and comfort, must have felt it dour. Yet all the time we have been pleading for man's happiness. We inventive moderns thought we knew better than Jesus did how to get that. We will give men happiness, we said. Bestow on them devices, gadgets, appliances, give them not only things but things made magical by harnessed power, and they will be happy. So we have furnished ourselves with civilization and in consequence multitudes of us are like nothing quite so much as a cartoon in Punch where an irate parent on a public holiday at some English replica of Coney Island holds his tired and whimpering offspring by the ear and angrily demands, "Now then, are you going to enjoy yourself or shall I make you?" So foolish have we also been to suppose that happiness ever can consist in the abundance of the apparatus we employ.

A strange paradox is man's search for happiness. Francis of Assisi was the gay and wealthy son of a prosperous merchant, with ample means to live by, and he was not happy. Then he stripped his gay robes from him, espoused "The Lady Poverty," washed the wounds of lepers and fed the famished poor. And lo! *that* Francis of Assisi preached joyously to his brothers the birds, sang the canticle of the sun, and, incidentally, shook Christendom to its foundations. He found happiness at its residence, not in the means by which but in the ends for which he lived. I am not recommending literal copying of St. Francis. To each generation its own way! But this is clear: not simply publicly bad times but privately wretched times lie ahead of us if we have merely a vast civilization lacking a profound spiritual culture.

We need not lack it. For hardly more than three lifetimes have we been so busily engaged building the apparatus of civilized life. That is not long. Nor is it to be expected that mankind permanently will be so insane as to go on, absorbed in providing improved means to unimproved ends. Already millions of ordinary folk look at the world with vision clarified by the imminent peril that we face. The road we have been walking on leads to perdition. We have tried to civilize our apparatus of living till we are well nigh civilized to death. Who can fail to see it? The problem of our salvation lies elsewhere —in our spiritual culture. Ah, church of Christ, what a clarion call you might sound in such a time as this! For while Jesus could help us mighty little in devising a civilization, who could help us half so much in creating a spiritual life to use it? And still he waits. What shall it profit—like the tolling of some bell of doom those ancient words sound on—What shall it profit if a man or a nation or the race gain this whole world and lose the soul?

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon October 13, 1935.

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, Who without our asking it hast introduced us into this strange system of circumstance, which we cannot understand, give us strength, none the less, to win a victory here. Let light shine upon our minds, and some fresh insight come that we may understand life better. Yet all the light our minds can welcome will not illumine life's mystery and we shall live and die surrounded by titanic forces in a cosmos we cannot explain. Yet hast Thou left us this for our dignity and value, that we can win a spiritual victory here and be more than conquerors through him that loved us. For that we pray, for triumph to rise above life and to be stronger than circumstance. Though the world may little note or long remember what we do, yet in ourselves by quality and honor, by kindness and fidelity, may we add to the increment of man's spiritual life and bring closer home to earth the Kingdom of our God.

Thanks be to Thee for all the saving forces which reinforce us and make us strong in the battle that we may win this triumph here. As with grateful and appreciative minds we recall the reserves and resources of the spirit, we thank Thee. Speak to us, O God, out of the past, in great traditions won by the seers and saints and martyrs of old. Let Thy refreshing messages come to us from families and friends, from great books, from the beauty of man's art and the grandeur of Nature. May they come to us out of the future in ideals and hopes and in possibilities for personality and for society. Help us to grapple afresh to our souls these strong reserves of the spirit that our victory may be secure.

We pray Thee for personal triumph. Thou alone canst see the strange medley of circumstance represented in our lives here. Baffled often and frustrated with anxiety and walking close to a great abyss of humiliation and defeat, Lord, Thou seest us. Environments tower often above us; temptations often seem insuperable within us; bereavements undermine us. We pray for personal triumph, for the victory of the spirit, that in difficult days we may not falter or surrender to fear. Speak to us, Thou Spirit of the Christ, saying to us, Fear not. Put wide margins of spiritual reserve around our daily need. Give us deep wells to draw our comfort and fortitude from.

We pray Thee for social triumph. Our hearts grow faint waiting for some visible presage and prophecy of the coming Kingdom of the Christ. For the omens of the day are toward evil and bring no comfort to the people of Christ. Steady us with the strength promised to those who come up to the help of the Lord against the hosts of the mighty. So let not sleep finally seal our eyes or our generation come to an ignoble end before some victory be won for justice and equity, for peace and human brotherhood, that shall set the ears of all that hear it tingling and the hearts of those that understand it to rejoicing.

Speak Thou now to us in the inmost secrets of our hearts. Especially if some youth be here to whom Thou hast entrusted genius, in whose hands, it may be carelessly lying, are the gifts that would enrich the world, O God, lay Thy hand on such a soul today. In the spirit of Thy Christ. Amen.

MR. LEFÉVERE BEING PRESENTED TO ENGLAND'S KING AND QUEEN AT CROYDON IN 1926

In discussing with our carillonneur the program for a Memorial Recital at the hour of the funeral of George V. on January 28th, a reference by Mr. Lefévere led us to inquire concerning a recital he had played for the royal couple. This particular recital for the King and Queen was played on the instrument which is now in Toronto, Canada. On being shown a photograph taken at the time, we asked leave to reproduce it. Mr. Cyril F. Johnston, the fourth member of the group, of the firm of Gillett and Johnston, was in charge of the installation of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Carillon.

In addition to King George and Queen Mary, other members of the royal family, members of Parliament and their families, a large gathering of the clergy, and more than 13,000 "bellringers," the fraternity of men who do what is called "change ringing" in the villages, cities, and countryside throughout England, were in attendance on this occasion.

At the moment this picture was taken, Queen Mary was showing her interest in learning that Mr. Lefévere had also played a recital for them when they visited the late Cardinal Mercier in Mechelen, Belgium.

The Plight of the Refugees
What Are the Facts?

THE American Christian Committee for German Refugees has released this statement concerning the regrettable situation:

Here, in broad outline, are the tragic facts that challenge our Christian Brotherhood.

From the very beginning world opinion has made the mistake of considering the problem a Jewish one. It is only partly that. The victims are of many faiths, and of various social strains.

If this problem is not adequately dealt with it may become the problem of many countries.

The complete segregation of the 1,500,000 non-Aryans from German people is involved. As in the Middle Ages, they are to be enclosed in a legal, moral, cultural, social and economic ghetto.

500,000 full-blooded Jews.
300,000 Christians of Jewish descent.
750,000 Christians of not purely Aryan descent, *i.e.* with a Jewish grandmother or grandfather.

1,550,000

The result of this "ghettoization" is the moral and economic destruction of the non-Aryans from whom all possibilities of existence are cut off by the laws for their segregation and by the deprivation of their legal rights. The propaganda of extermination is invariably directed not against the 500,000 Jews alone, but with exactly the same severity against the 1,550,000 non-Aryans. In the common language of the new Germany these non-Aryans are also described and treated as Jews.

If the Nazi régime continues, nothing remains for non-Aryans but complete moral, economic, and physical destruction.

In Germany, any attempt on the part of Christians to help their non-Aryan co-believers would be regarded as an act of hostility against the state. The non-Aryan Christians are entirely dependent on the help of their co-believers in other countries.

Approximately 80,000 people have left Germany since 1933; 10,000 to 20,000 of them are non-Jews.

During the early stages of the emigration from Germany the proportion of Jews in the main countries of refuge was 7 to 1. There are now countries, such as Czechoslovakia or Austria, where about 50 per cent or 35 per cent of the refugees respectively are non-Jews.

Quiet, unoffending, hard working, simple non-Jewish families—in all over a million souls, unhappy because they had married Jews, or were of part Jewish parentage, or even had Jewish ancestors several generations back!

If the German authorities persist in their course of looking up the antecedents of people to the year 1800, it is estimated that about 1,550,000 people would become outcasts in Germany; in other words, the problem of the Christian victims of National-Socialism would become larger than the problem of the purely Jewish people.

The American Christian Committee for German Refugees is sponsoring an effort to secure adequate funds for

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Latchstring

It speaks for itself. From England comes the following letter:

"The Fun of Contributing to 'Specific Projects.' I have been reading in THE CHURCH MONTHLY for December that Mr. Rockefeller has decided to confine his future donations to 'specific' projects. I have also read Dr. Fosdick's 'Christmas Message' in which he stresses the great need for 'personal friendliness.' One can get a great deal of pleasure by combining these two ideas. Here are some 'specific projects' in the realm of personal friendship that have given me a good deal of enjoyment.

"When I left my comfortable church home on your side of the Atlantic and came to England to live, I found a church which was very warm in friendship, but where cold air descended on my unprotected head. I got permission to have the heating system of the church extended at my expense, and now we are all comfortable, and I get a friendly smile from everyone in the church.

"The maid we left behind on your side, a woman who came in during the day, has a husband who is an incurable invalid. Her pay is still going on, at almost three-quarters of normal, which keeps them going comfortably, and you may believe that I enjoy the warm friendship of a couple in the old home town.

"I have a god-daughter in a Pacific Coast city who wanted to go to University, but the family finances were very restricted. I contributed to the school fees (they were not high) to make the University course possible. The weekly letters I got, most deliciously frank and affectionate, and ranging in subjects from Shakespeare to a description of the latest boy friend, would of themselves have been worth the price.

"A young friend of mine, in your state, wanted to take an engineering course, but again family finances were low. He started at a coöperative college, but the depression made it almost a hopelessly long task to work his way through, and I have been helping to shorten the time by lending him some money. He writes a beautiful hand, and his account of his experiences was very interesting when he told how he and his chum came home from college in a Ford truck which they had bought for $15.00.

"A friend of mine is principal of a girls' college, somewhere in North America. He has a 'specific project' of promoting international understanding and good will by getting a few foreign girls to come to his college. The plan is to get some interested person to assume half the expense of the girls' board and tuition, and the college remits the other half. I suggested to him that he get some girl from a far Eastern country I had recently visited. He said he would if I would be the 'interested individual.' The girl has had three years at his college and is now getting some special training at another college, under the direction of the Women's Missionary Society. She has a good voice and is specializing in music. I have not met the girl, but she visits often at the home of some relatives of mine, where there is a girl of her age, and they are all very fond of her, and she of them. She, too, writes me very interesting and affectionate letters. She is due to return to her native land next fall, and I feel that

there will be a home in the Far East where I would be sure of a warm welcome.

"Don't you feel that I have made my point that one can get a lot of fun and friendship out of 'Special Projects'?"

▽

We are pleased to pass the following letter on to the members of the Church. The boys whose signatures were on the original are all from the Manhattanville section of the city. Their appreciation is high pay for the use of our facilities.

"Doctor Carder,
Riverside Church,
New York, New York.

"We thank you sincerely for the use of the Riverside Church gymnasium. Every Saturday night from 5 to 6 o'clock for basketball practice.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN COFFEY
JOSEPH MCGRANE
THOMAS HELLNER
EDWARD DOODY
ARTHUR GUY
GEO. STILL, JR.
WILLIAM ELMS
GEORGE KOVACEVICH
JOHN MURPHY
JOSEPH O'NEILL
L. ROBERTSON
THOMAS DONOHUE
JOHN WILSON
ROBERT BOWEN
MICHAEL MCCARTHY
EDWARD GUY"

▽

Our Friend Wilbert B. Smith Writes from Egypt. CAIRO—A large increase of accessions to Islam from the Christian minority in Egypt has taken place as a result of the steady pressure exerted on every hand to solidify the Moslem control of affairs in the country. Last year it was reported that 1500 Christians had entered the Moslem community. This represents an increase of 200 per cent over the average of the past few years.

Christians number about one-fourteenth of the population but they have been more advanced than the Moslems in education and consequently hold a disproportionate share of government posts. Under the independent régime schools have multiplied until at present there are great numbers of well qualified Moslems demanding posts. Consequently, the scales are weighted against the Christians and will be until the ratio is more approximately that of the population.

Is Christianity, therefore, losing out in Egypt? In numbers, perhaps. But in social and even individual ideals and values, decidedly not. Social changes are in the Christian direction. A new conscience on many questions is developing; women are coming into a new life; scores of Moslem girls attend the Egyptian University with the men, and many have been sent abroad for education.

An Egyptian Labor party is being formed. The needs of the villages are at last receiving attention and educational facilities are being provided for the masses. Voluntary societies for social service are springing up and some are doing good work. This is something new, and shows a great advance over the day when it was taken for granted that all such matters were the Government's responsibility. Leaders in public affairs are being criticized for selfishness and graft where formerly this was taken for granted. Moreover, there is undoubtedly a growing sense of need for moral power among the educated classes.

The tragedy of the Christian position is the unchristian spirit of war and conquest, greed and selfishness, which

these people see in the Christian nations with whom they are in ever-increasing intimate contact. They judge us by our own standards, and find us wanting. When they find individual Christians who are friendly and unselfish, and have a reason for their faith, which is in harmony with modern knowledge, they respond and are ready to discuss the basis for such living.

(N.C.J.C. News Service)

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Congregational Singing.—Trained choirs under professional directors and organists furnish the answer in most of the large city churches to the problem of music in worship. When it is not a choir, either of volunteer singers or professionals, it has usually been a quartet of solo voices that churches have depended upon for the enrichment of their services. Unquestionably the trained choir singers and soloists have done much to lift the level of music in our churches. It is commonly agreed, however, that there has been a corresponding loss in the congregational singing. People have come to depend so much on the choirs and have been so interested in the music that originated in the chancel that they have lost much of their enthusiasm for congregational singing. There is now a distinct effort being made to revive the interest in congregational singing. This does not in any sense reflect a disposition to do away with the leadership in the chancel but still further to enrich music in the church and to give all the people a sense of participation in worship.

The Hymn Society is taking a leading part in laying emphasis on this point. We are publishing herewith the Order of Service used at our regular Ministry of Music on Sunday afternoon, January 19th. This Service was worked out in conjunction with the Hymn Society and was participated in, as will be revealed in the notes accompanying the Order of Service, by choirs and leaders from many churches in New York. We publish this Order of Service for the information of organists, choir leaders, or ministers who may be interested in using this technique in their own services for the sake of reviving interest and participation in congregational singing. We are grateful to the Hymn Society for making this opportunity possible to us at The Riverside Church.

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC

FOUR-THIRTY O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON

JANUARY 19, 1936

HYMN FESTIVAL—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

ORGAN PRELUDE—Two Chorale-Preludes *J. S. Bach*
In Thee Is Joy
The Old Year Is Past

PROCESSIONAL HYMN—God of Grace and God of Glory - - - - - - No. 534

CALL TO WORSHIP - - - - Dr. Carder
(Congregation seated)

INVOCATION - - - - - Dr. Carder

THE LORD'S PRAYER
(Choral Chant)

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING
(The Minister and the People)

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

HYMN—Now Thank We All Our God - No. 100
(In Unison, with descant added to second stanza by Junior Choirs)

SCRIPTURE READING - - Dr. Philip S. Watters,
(Congregation seated) *President of the Hymn Society*

LITANY

HYMN—God, That Madest Earth and Heaven No. 40

OFFERTORY—All People That On Earth Do Dwell—"Old Hundredth" - - *arr. by Holst*
(The Church will share the offering of this service with the Hymn Society)

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell!
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto,
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For He, the Lord our God, is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n and Earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

MEDITATION—The Christian's Inward Serenity
Dr. Fosdick

HYMN—How Firm a Foundation (omitting third stanza) - - - - No. 321

HYMN by Junior Choirs Only—Fairest Lord Jesus - - - - No. 171

(Congregation seated)

MEDITATION—The Christian in the World
Dr. Fosdick

HYMN—Once to Every Man and Nation (In Unison) - - - - No. 370

HYMN—In Christ There Is No East Nor West
No. 383

(Third stanza by Junior Choirs only)

PRAYER - - - Dr. Robert W. Searle,
President, The Greater New York Federation of Churches

CHORAL RESPONSE - - J. Varley Roberts
arr. by Milligan

(Congregation seated)

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Amen.

RECESSIONAL HYMN—O What the Joy and the Glory Must Be - - - - - No. 479

BENEDICTION

We welcome today friends from many other churches gathered here on invitation of the Hymn Society to share in this festival of song. The Hymn Society exists to promote the writing and wide dissemination of good hymns and the improvement of congregational singing. Miss Grace Leeds Darnell is conducting the Junior Choirs. For information concerning the organization of hymn festivals or other branches of the Society's work, address Miss Emily S. Perkins, Corresponding Secretary, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City.

This is a hymn festival of the whole congregation, and our visitors, who have studied the hymns in advance, placed as they are among the rest of the congregation, will help to give the hymns full utterance. Such a service can be planned in the worship of any church. We are hopeful that this Hymn Festival may help the widespread movement to enrich worship through a revival of congregational singing.

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The Men's Class Dinner.—As we go to press this month plans are maturing for the Thirty-ninth Annual Dinner of the Men's Class. The meeting will be held on February 11th at the Commodore Hotel. Dr. Fosdick will act as toastmaster, Chancellor Chase, of New York University, Professor Fenwick, of Bryn Mawr, and Coach Crisler, of Princeton, will be speakers.

The Men's Class Chorus, with Judson League conducting, will provide the music for the evening. Mr. John E. Lewis will help to enliven the occasion by leading the men in their singing with their usual gusto and enthusiasm.

▽

Concerning Admission Cards.—At the beginning of Dr. Fosdick's ministry at the Park Avenue Church, it was obvious that the building there was altogether inadequate to accommodate the people who came on Sunday mornings seeking admission. It was then not a matter of having a few score people who could not get in but of turning away a thousand or more people on a given Sunday. In order that the members of the church might have some assurance that they would be able to get into the auditorium, cards of admission were placed in their hands and only such space in the building as was not occupied by members of the church was available to the general public at regular services. This meant that not more than five or six hundred at the most could gain admission on a given day. When The Riverside Church was opened the membership had already grown considerably and has continued to increase with each passing month. At the present time the number of actual members of The Riverside Church matches almost exactly the seating capacity of the main auditorium, namely, 2500. If all of the church members found it possible to attend at any one service the entire capacity of the building would be preempted. Experience has shown us, however, that approximately sixty per cent of the members attend on any given Sunday. This means that we do have a

thousand or more seats every Sunday that are open to the general public at once and one or two hundred more available on the main floor at 11:00 o'clock when the service actually begins and after which time cards of admission are not recognized.

Obviously some provision should be made to take care of church members who desire to attend their own service on Sunday morning. A card of admission constitutes our answer to that obligation. The additional available thousand or fifteen hundred seats represent our disposition to take care of our interested friends who come to us from week to week from the city and from various parts of the country. On the whole we are finding that the system works fairly well and that members of our own congregation and strangers within our gates are taken care of happily and satisfactorily.

But to some people who come here the very idea of having "tickets" seems to be most undemocratic, to say nothing of being unchristian. Our very efficient and courteous corps of ushers takes the brunt of these criticisms and does very much to ease the situation by frank and gracious explanations. Members of our congregation can themselves give great help if, whenever they find an individual disposed to question or criticize the device, they will explain courteously the difficulties that are inherent in such a situation as we face. We thought we were building very generously when The Riverside Church was under construction and are still inclined to think that it is probably as adequate as we could have been expected to erect. Nevertheless we are not always able to take care of all the people who come from Sunday to Sunday. We regret that we are sometimes not able to make our philosophy clear to the individual who resents finding the door of the church closed to him when he knows that twenty-five hundred other people have been able to get in.

But do not forget this fact when talking about our situation, namely, that anyone who comes early enough, that is, by 10:15 or 10:30 o'clock, can be assured of admission and of a seat, with the exception of Easter Sunday. The whole matter boils down to a question of coming to church early or coming late.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEES

(*Continued from page 71*)

relief of non-Jewish German refugees.

Driven from Germany by the pressure of intolerance, they are now destitute refugees in surrounding countries—waiting and hoping for Christian friends to reach out a helping hand.

What Your Contribution Could Do

$1.00—Could provide cod liver oil for one under-nourished child.

$5.00—Could provide milk for a starving refugee child for two months.

10.00—Could provide milk for two starving refugee children for two months.

25.00—Could provide food and room for a refugee for one month.

Larger gifts would proportionately multiply this service.

Make checks payable to Henry L. Smithers, Treas., and mail to the American Christian Committee for German Refugees, Room 410, 287 4th Ave., N. Y. C.

The Yuletide Invasion

By Grace H. Patton

If the grimacing gargoyles which are poised so airily up on Riverside's towers and turrets really acted in character, they should, around Christmastime, either have fallen pell-mell into the depths below, or vanished into thin air, dissolved by the spirits of good will with which they were continuously surrounded. For if, as the old legends had it, the sound of Christmas music sent the imps and goblins into outer darkness, and the influence of the Christ Child—yea, even the mention of his name—was powerful enough to route all manner of devils and demons, then the gargoyles have no right to be still sitting superciliously up there in their exalted places. For the spirit of the Yuletide was so in evidence around Riverside Church for the greater part of three weeks that people thought of little else. And its invasion was so complete that, when it was all over, the church staff was about ready to ask for a midwinter vacation.

The holiday activities started December 13th with a party given for foreign students, an evening affair, where many of the students appeared in native costume, and where entertained and entertainers alike seemed fairly to exude cheerfulness and gayety. A great fire roared in the ninth-floor fireplace, while, standing in the middle of the room, glittered the huge tree which made a center around which the Scandinavian group circled again and again in demonstrating the way they celebrate Christmas eve at home. Some tall, dark-skinned men from Irak, dressed in their flowing native robes, looked like veritable sheiks; and when they sang the Christmas carols in their own tongue, one's first thought was, "How thrilling to think that Christmas is well known even in that far-away country." Then one's second thought was, "Why, of course! Their land is near neighbor to the scene of the very first Christmas!"

Requests of "a tree, red candles, candlesticks, and a fire in the fireplace" ran like a scarlet line through the calendar jottings in the business office, from which all furnishings for the various festivities were requisitioned. We do not know just how many Christmas trees were used at the Church. No doubt some of them were transplanted from one floor to another; but in the aggregate there was what amounted to a forest of trees. Lighted trees were everywhere, also wreaths, greens, and the usual Christmas decorations. The ninth floor was probably the most popular spot for smaller gatherings (its popularity partly due to its expansive fireplace) and the Assembly Hall for larger affairs. The tenth floor, which the "Epicures" used for their dinner party on the night of December 14th, was appreciated because of its stage.

On the afternoon of the 16th, the Junior Auxiliary (the younger group of the Woman's Society) held its Christmas tea on the fifteenth floor; while on that same evening one almost had to toss a penny to decide which activity to attend. Down in the Assembly Hall a large group of foreign-speaking women of the city was being entertained by women of the church. They always look forward eagerly to this annual pilgrim-

age to Riverside Church; and with their hostesses and assorted guests, they nearly filled the Assembly Hall. A pageant was given for their enjoyment, and afterward they welcomed games, sociability, and "eats." At the same time, on the ninth floor, the Business and Professional Women's Club was having its gift-giving service. For them the stately Christmas tree had shifted its position and now stood in one corner, from which it looked down on an endless array of packages—the Club members had filled over eighty stockings—which were to go to various welfare agencies in the neighborhood.

On the following evening, which was Tuesday, the Men's Class gave its regular Christmas dinner and entertainment for the boys of the neighborhood. This has been an annual affair for years, and it is hard to say who look forward to it more—boys or men! On their usual night, which is Friday, the Hi-Y group had their Christmas party, and at the same time a gathering of more than a hundred Orientals made merry on another floor. On Saturday afternoon the Riverside Guild took as its Christmas responsibility the entertaining of children from The Jennie Clarkson Home and gave those boys and girls the time of their lives.

The Church School had its innings on the Sunday preceding Christmas with suitable programs on floor after floor. The older boys and girls held their Worship Service in the Assembly Hall where some beautiful Christmas tableaux were enacted. On that Sunday it was found, at the eleventh hour, that the ninth floor, which had just been vacated by the Women's Class, was needed for a brief service for the kindergarten kiddies. All the one hundred and fifty chairs had to be stacked and the

whole set-up changed within a half hour. A member of the staff, whose "day off" it was, willingly came back to the church, forfeiting his time at home and, with his helpers, made the necessary change so that the tiny tots might have their Christmas service. Wouldn't you just know that that man had little folks in his own home, and that he realized that Christmas joy is meant primarily for the "least ones"?

Christmas Day was more or less quiet, having only its service in the morning and a "Hospitality Tea" in the afternoon for the sake of those who might be strangers or lonely, and who were eager to have a cheery time with others in front of the glittering tree and the welcoming ninth-floor fireplace. And so Christmas was ended.

Christmas Day itself was over, but the celebrations continued. On Thursday afternoon women of the Women's Class gathered to welcome groups from two of the city settlement houses while, in the evening, the young folks of the Guild had their holiday party, a very well attended affair, in the Assembly Hall. Then Saturday found the Senior High Alumni holding its "Tea Dansante" in the same place, a room which lends itself beautifully to all large gatherings.

The Church Staff staged their own party when, on Friday afternoon and evening, it descended *en masse* into the *engine room* (of all places!) for its Christmas get-together. By some sort of magic, Christmas trees were induced to grow in that subterranean region, and the staff members were transformed into child-like irresponsibles. From porters to ministers, and from executives to cleaning women, all became members of one big family, forgot duties and responsibilities up over their heads, and had one glorious time.

Anything that happened after that came more or less on the downward curve, as far as being a real celebration. On Sunday, however, the younger groups of the Church School witnessed a dramatization of Temple Bailey's lovely Christmas story, "A Candle in the Forest." There may have been a few aftermath occurrences following that, but for the most part the observance of Christmas itself was over.

But the seasonal celebration was not complete without a farewell to the year 1935—whose presence had not, all told, been an unmixed blessing—and a welcome to the New Year which, everybody hoped, would be a "perfect '36." So, on New Year's Eve, the church kept open house from early evening until past midnight. Supper was served, people came and went, there was dancing in the tower, and games were played in the gymnasium; then came the Watch Night service in the Nave with Dr. Fosdick closing his New Year message just as the sirens and whistles of the great City were announcing the advent of another year.

So ended the observation of the holiday season, which this brief report has only partially covered. No mention is made here of the vast amount of service rendered by the different groups, the hours spent in decorating, doing up packages, filling stockings and allotting gifts of money to those in need. That would make a long story in itself. But these outstanding celebrations have been recorded to show that Christmas surely was remembered in this section of Morningside Heights, and that at Yuletide in New York City a big community church does not just sit back with folded hands and listen to carol singing.

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SPEAKING OF ANNIVERSARIES

By way of reminder we emphasize February 8, 1931. On that day Riverside Church was formally dedicated to the "worship of God and service of mankind." At the eleven o'clock service Dr. Fosdick preached on the subject "Despise Ye the Church of God?" Other features in the service included the singing of Dr. Fosdick's hymn, "God of Grace and God of Glory," and the act of dedication participated in by the minister and the people of the congregation.

At the afternoon service the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, preached the sermon.

On the following Sunday, February 15th, at 11:00 o'clock, a service of "Dedication to Childhood and Youth" took place. This program was featured by a responsive service in which the children of the Primary Department participated, a consecration service when a number of the children were dedicated, and the sermon by Dr. Fosdick on "Building a Family Church."

On February 20th over a thousand builders, architects, masons, craftsmen of all sorts, iron workers, stained glass artists, day laborers, with their wives and friends, were present to go over the building upon which they had labored. They went from room to room and place to place, each intent upon the particular part he had had a hand in creating. The Builders' Window on the west wall was dedicated "to all who contributed thought or labor to the erection of the church."

These have been five eventful years. This anniversary finds all who are identified with the church hard and happily at work.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SERVICE OF
The Church Monthly

Books by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick are listed below. Any book will be sent postpaid by THE CHURCH MONTHLY on the receipt of the list price.

The Second Mile	$0.75	Twelve Tests of Character	$1.50
The Manhood of the Master	1.35	Christianity and Progress	1.00
The Assurance of Immortality	1.00	The Modern Use of the Bible	1.00
The Meaning of Prayer	1.35	Adventurous Religion	1.00
The Meaning of Faith	1.35	As I See Religion	1.80
The Meaning of Service	1.35	The Hope of the World	1.50
Pilgrimage to Palestine	1.00	The Secret of Victorious Living	1.50

Dr. Fosdick's latest book of sermons—The Power to See It Through . . . $1.50

Some of Dr. Fosdick's sermons are published in pamphlet form for wider distribution than is possible through THE CHURCH MONTHLY. Most of the sermons have appeared previously in the magazine; a few not having been printed elsewhere. The price of the pamphlets is ten cents each. They will be mailed postpaid in quantities of five or more, or you may order any twenty sermons for $1.50.

Our Moral Muddle	Superficial Optimists, the Peril of a Serious Time
Handicapped Lives	Through the Social Gospel Into Personal Religion
Be Still and Know	A Fundamentalist Sermon by a Modernist Preacher
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Pull Yourself Together	Christ and the Inferiority Complex
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The High Uses of Trouble	The Power of a Great Tradition
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The High Uses of Serenity	An Interpretation of Pacifism
How Much Do We Want Peace?	The Soul's Invincible Surmise
The Practical Use of Faith	When Life Goes All to Pieces
What Do You Say to Yourself?	Christianity's Supreme Rival
Christianity More Than Duty	Handling Life's Second Bests

The Handbook of The Riverside Church tells of the background and program of the church, and the symbolism and architecture of the building. It is a book of 127 pages and 59 illustrations. It sells for 50 cents plus 15 cents if you ask to have it mailed.

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